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THE BACONIAN COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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I.



LONG before the appearance of the latest exposition of the Baconian hypothesis, Mr. Richard Grant White tersely expressed his opinion of its supporters. He thought, as Professor Huxley thought of certain illogicians, that they should be phlebotomized and put on low diet; that they needed a calm retreat, the soothing care of the nurse, and the restoring hand of the physician. His opinion was, perhaps, expressed less delicately, but what I have said will show his meaning. The hypothetists, presumably, did not like the advice, but the violence of their language since has justified his wisdom. He has been rashly compared to "Jack the Ripper," whose mania is the destruction of abandoned characters. He has been charged with obtaining money under false pretences; actually accused of having been a Baconian when he published his edition of Shakespeare, and with having suppressed the fact because its knowledge would injure the sale of his volume. This is peculiar treatment, but the Baconians are a peculiar people; for, as we shall abundantly see, they, while accusing others of misstatement and suppression, themselves conceal facts with the ease of professionals and waive probabilities with an airy grace that would be admirable if it were not idiotic. It might have been expected that the hypothetists would treat Truth and Shakespeare with equal disregard; but their infatuation drives them further; they buffet Reason, deride Philosophy, and are even disrespectful to Geography. Yet it is impossible to be angry with them. While we can explain their action by a gesture it would be a sin to be impatient.

There is nothing in the story of Shakespeare's life that does not comport better with the simple facts as we know them than with any hypothesis whatsoever. We may admire the genius and marvel at its extent, but we should not forget that genius must be wonderful, and that it would not be so if it followed the dreary road over which the thousands daily plod. If it did not excite our wonder we should not know it; it springs into being marvellously made and at a bound heads the march and leads the world. Few of us pause to philosophize on what is strange; we prefer to wander in a maze and comprehend it by a mystery. The similarity of thought possessed by the great ones of an epoch, and which strikes the unskilled observer with overmuch force, follows the great lead of law as truly as the tides. What spiritual essence enters into the mortality of genius, we know not; it is exempt from no physical evil. Time fills up its span of human life as if it were a vulgar thing, and Fate as remorselessly cuts the thread which binds it to the world. The explanation of the likeness of thought between Shakespeare and Bacon, and to a still more remarkable degree between Shakespeare and Montaigne, is as simple as wisdom and as clear as truth. If great minds are considering the same subject at the same time, they must arrive at substantially the same conclusions, or they would not all be great. It is thus that they bear testimony to the true, the beautiful, and the good; they confirm each other's observations, the world accepts their judgment and decides its duties by it. Thoughts are true and false. A true thought lessens doubt, and false thoughts increase it. It is not wisdom which explains a less difficulty by a greater, nor is it honesty which seeks to clear the fame of one by blackening the record of another. The hypothetists have strenuously denied the charges which Mackintosh, Macaulay, and Campbell have brought against Francis Bacon—and how? By decrying Shakespeare, by falsifying history, and by withholding evidence! If they were content to defend Bacon against false accusations, to extenuate his errors, or to excuse his guilt, no one would willingly interpose an ob-

jection to their goodness; but when the hypothetists proclaim Bacon guiltless merely to qualify him for stealing another's fame, it becomes necessary to perform an ungracious task and to confirm the charges against him.

The hypothetists deny: 1. That Bacon was guilty of ingratitude. 2. That he favored the use of torture. 3. That he perverted justice. The correspondence which passed between Essex and Bacon is voluminous, and the reader who wishes to examine the subject more closely is earnestly advised to read *The Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, by Mr. Spedding, together with all the explanations which so enthusiastic an admirer of Bacon has furnished.

1. *Bacon guilty of ingratitude.* Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was the favorite of Queen Elizabeth when Bacon sought his aid to procure the office of Attorney-General. Essex worked for Bacon, pleaded for him, constantly writing meanwhile to inform the expectant lawyer of the progress of his suit. Month after month he persevered, with an unselfishness rarely equalled, to gain the coveted office for his friend; while the friend (with a selfishness still more rare, let us hope) stealthily cast an anchor to windward. While Anthony Bacon was writing to Lady Ann of the promises which their "kind and honorable friend" had made in behalf of Francis, Francis was urging him with continual appeals, till one day it occurred to Bacon that this importunity might damage his prospects, and he wrote a letter to Queen Elizabeth (would that Essex could have seen it!), in which, referring to Essex' efforts to procure him the Attorney-Generalship, he said: "*But if any of my friends do press this matter, I do assure your Majesty my spirit is not with them.*" Bacon, nevertheless, continued to urge the Earl to solicit the Queen for the office, though he had, as we have seen, assured her that "his spirit was not with them," and within a few weeks wrote to Essex advising him to circumvent the plans of Coke, who, he feared, would obtain the office. To this letter he added a post-script asking the Earl to destroy it, as it was not such "but

the light showeth through." Essex did not succeed in obtaining either the Attorney-Generalship or the Solicitorship for Francis Bacon, but having nobly resolved that Bacon should not be the loser, presented him with Twickenham Park. Now the hypothetists declare that the amount for which Bacon afterwards sold this estate was no more than the sum which was fairly due to him for the services which Bacon had rendered. "The Twickenham property was not a gift; it was the payment of a debt," they say. Bacon entered the service of the Earl of Essex, as legal and political adviser in the summer of 1593 (*Authorship of Shak.*, p. 115), and in the autumn of 1594 the offices of Attorney and Solicitor-General had been given to others, and Twickenham Park was given to Bacon. A little more than twelve months' services, then, were paid for. Bacon sold the estate for £1800, and the author of the Cryptogram tells us (p. 219) that money in Bacon's time "possessed a purchasing power equal to twelve times what it has now." If this be true, then $£1800 \times 5 = \$9000 \times 12 = \$108,000$! Was this generosity or the payment of a hard-earned wage?

But darker days were to come, and this munificence to be forgotten. Essex went in command of the English forces to Ireland in 1599. He acted foolishly, perhaps treasonably there. He returned without leave to England, was arrested, and after an examination and censure before the Lords Commissioners in June, 1600, was permitted under certain restrictions to reside in the metropolis. In February, 1600-1, Essex and his friends broke out into insurrection. Mackintosh, Macaulay, and Campbell have much to say in extenuation of the folly. He had forfeited his life. And Bacon?—Bacon took care to forfeit nothing—except his good name. He appeared as the relentless persecutor of his one-time benefactor, sought by every means to aggravate his guilt, to exasperate the prisoner, and to close the door of mercy. In the fierceness of his zeal he went so far as to charge Essex with having desired the removal of Cecil, Cobham, and Raleigh from the presence of the Queen; and then Essex, indignant at his treachery, summoned him to give in

evidence his own tales, and called on Francis Bacon to witness against Francis Bacon, and, uncontradicted, charged him with having advised the writing and with having written the very letters which he now brought in evidence against him. Essex was convicted and beheaded with several of his accomplices. The Earl of Southampton was sent to the Tower, where he remained till the accession of James I. Essex was loved by the people of London, his death was mourned, and Bacon's conduct was cursed. The Queen thought it necessary to justify the course of the Government in the execution of Essex. A pamphlet was printed entitled *A Declaration of the Treasons of Robert Earl of Essex and his complices*. This "Declaration" was termed "a pestilent libel" even by Lord Clarendon, and the author of the "pestilent libel" was Francis Bacon. But Bacon shed friendships as a tree casts off its withered leaves; it was part of the economy of his nature. When he thought he had an opportunity to successfully injure Buckingham, he did the worst he could, though no one had been a more generous friend to him; but this time he did not succeed as he had succeeded with Essex and Somerset. King James was indignant at Bacon's ingratitude, and told him so in manly English. Buckingham blamed himself for "having mounted Bacon so high" and, as Yelverton wrote to Bacon, "not forbearing to tax you, as if it were an inveterate custom with you, to be unfaithful to him as you were to the Earls of Essex and Somerset." (Spedding, *L. and L. of Francis Bacon*, VI., 246.)

2. *Bacon favored torture.* In the year 1614, Peacham, a clergyman, was arrested and sent to the Tower, because in his study had been found a writing which reflected upon the Government. The aged divine declared that he had nothing to do with its composition,* and that he had never a thought of publishing it. For this offence the old man was tortured, and shortly after died in prison. Bacon went to the Tower to see him tortured and to wring a confession from him in the inter-

**Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, V., 127.

vals of torment. The hypothetists affirm that Bacon was opposed to the infliction of torture, that he went to the Tower on this occasion with the humane purpose of mitigating the suffering of the poor wretch. Is there any proof of this? Alas! no. Bacon was in favor of torture, and upon a subsequent occasion advised James to inflict it. No one can doubt this who has read the following letter written by Bacon to the King, February 10, 1619, a letter which the Baconian advocates have very strangely overlooked:

"*To the King*: May it please your Majesty: Sir Edward Coke is now on foot, and according to your command signified by Mr. Secretary Calvert, we proceeded in Peacock's examination; for although there have been great diligence used, yet certainly we are not at the bottom, and he that would not use the utmost of his line to sound such a business as this should not have due regard neither to your Majesty's honor nor safety.

"A man would think he were in Luke Hatton's case again; for as my Lady Roos personated Luke Hatton, so it seemeth Peacock personateth Atkins. But I make no judgment yet, but will go on with all due diligence; and *if it may not be done otherwise, it is fit Peacock be put to torture. He deserveth it as well as Peacham did.*"*

And what had Peacock done? He had practised to influence the King's judgment by sorcery! (Chamberlain's letter, *Ib.*) And for this Bacon deliberately advised the infliction of torture: Bacon, who had taken all knowledge to be his province!

3. *Bacon did pervert justice.* Upon this point, we have only to refer to the charges which Lord Campbell brought against Bacon, the denial by Mr. Spedding, the manly withdrawal of it by the same gentleman, and the appendix to *The Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, where Lord Campbell's accusation is fully and clearly sustained by Mr. Heath, the eminent Chancery lawyer.

* *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, VII., p. 79.

Because Bacon himself made no claim to the authorship, it became necessary to invent reasons why he did not. The hypothetists kindly solved the difficulty in their own peculiar fashion. Deprived of periphrase, their solution amounts to this: Bacon was ashamed of writing Shakespeare's Plays, but though in possession of an income of \$18,000 per annum, according to themselves, * his poverty compelled him to write for the stage. He, therefore, asked Shakespeare to kindly allow the world's homage to be paid to him; asked the player to accept half the profits and all the praise; asked Shakespeare to allow his name to be put to dedications addressed to the noblest of that noble time; asked him to represent the actual author; in short, to be a mask for Francis Bacon. Now we might conclude from this, that if Bacon was ashamed to acknowledge the best of dramatic compositions, he would naturally be ashamed of the worst. But, no, this is not what we find. Bacon wrote a masque, and was not ashamed of it, though the hypothetists volubly affirm that he wrote the *Tempest*, and was ashamed of that. But whatever objections might be urged against the writing of plays, there could hardly be any to the writing of a poem, especially as Bacon wrote a sonnet to Queen Elizabeth's "eyebrow" to work her reconciliation with my lord, the Earl of Essex, but which seems to have alienated all her sympathy from that unfortunate nobleman. The hypothetists state that Bacon wrote the *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece* under the mask of Shakespeare. That is, he was willing to acknowledge poetical works which were not worth preserving, but was careful to give the credit of those that were to William Shakespeare. Now such a man as that could hardly have had sense enough to write either Shakespeare's Poems or Shake-

* "He hopes by selling off 'the skirts of my living in Hertfordshire' to have enough left to yield him three hundred pounds per annum income."
... "The price paid for a new play was from £5 to £20. This reduced to dollars is \$25 to \$100. But money, it is agreed, possessed a purchasing power then equal to twelve times what it has now." (*The Gt. Crypt.*, p. 219.) Then £300 per annum $\times 5 = \$1500 \times 12 = \$18,000$ per annum.

speare's Plays. Bacon, however, made herculean exertions to preserve his secret, and was determined that it should die with him, if we may believe the author of *The Authorship of Shakespeare*. Then, of course, he told no one of it? Yes—he did, and we might say in our haste that the hypothetists are forgetful, had they not carefully indicated the different persons to whom Bacon told his secret. For a person who—we will not say was determined that his secret should die with him—but who was only extremely anxious that no one should find it out, Bacon deserves immortality for the original way in which he sought to prevent his secret from being discovered. According to the author of *The Authorship of Shakespeare*, the following individuals must have been informed of it by Bacon himself: Shakespeare, Anthony Bacon, Heminge, Condell, Earl of Southampton, Earl of Essex, Toby Mathew, Ben Jonson, John Davis, Earl of Pembroke, Earl of Montgomery, the Lords of the Council (say only four of them). And these never lisped a syllable of the most important secret ever whispered in the ear of man! If there had only been a woman among them! But the sex is revenged; it was a woman who found it out.

One would naturally suppose that Shakespeare must have been a remarkably able man to successfully impose upon the rarest collection of literary genius that has ever blessed our earth; men who could not have been deceived by any but the most brilliant impostor; men whose opportunities for knowing about Shakespeare, his habits and associates, were greater than could possibly be possessed by a whole continent of hypothetists removed from the scene by three centuries of time. But, if the hypothesis be reasonable, he must have imposed upon them all. Then he *was* an extraordinarily brilliant scamp. But no, that would be a dangerous admission, and, therefore, the hypothetists contend that he was a fool “wearing his lion's skin even in the tomb” (*Authorship*, p. 28), “a mere under-actor, a puppet, an antic and ape” (*Authorship*, p. 39), that he was grossly ignorant, speaking an unintelligible jargon, a

drunkard, a namelessly diseased vagabond ; according to the proceedings of the Bacon Society of London, for August, 1888.

And this was the kind of man whom Francis Bacon selected to represent his intellect, so that men might not suspect him to be behind the mask ! Such a man could not have deceived a single one of the contemporary poets. The eccentricity would have been town-talk in fifteen minutes.

Jonson's testimony in relation to Shakespeare is sufficient for any unprejudiced reader, but the hypothetists declare that he lied in Bacon's interest, was paid by him to help the mask hide the face. The verses prefixed to the Shakespeare First Folio, and written by Jonson, are said to be of this character ; but, fortunately, there are some other verses prefixed to the First Folio, verses which explicitly confirm Jonson's statements :

"Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellowes give
The world thy Workes ; thy Workes by which outlive
Thy Tombe, thy name must : when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Moniment,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages ; when Posteritie
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodegie
That is not Shake-speares ; ev'ry Line, each Verse,
Here shall revive, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once invade.
Nor shall I e're beleewe, or thinke thee dead.
(Though mist) until our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain t' out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo ;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-sword parlying Romans spake,
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure our Shake-speare, thou canst never dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally."

Leonard Digges, who thus honored Shakespeare, was the brother of Sir Dudley Digges, who promoted the inquiry which resulted in the ruin of Francis Bacon.

The hypothetists assure us that "the whole life of Shakespeare is shrouded in mystery," that nothing is positively known of him except the bare facts of his life and death. Of those we may be sure, but of nothing else. They then tell us that Shakespeare had no education except "primary instruction at the Stratford Free Grammar School" (*Authorship of Shakespeare*, p. 2), and could have had "no learning from public institutions or from private tuition" (*Authorship*, etc., p. 2); that he was drinking and poaching, a disreputable character generally, and relieved Stratford-on-Avon of his blackguardly presence about the year 1587, when he went up to London, carrying with him but a small stock of learning, and became attached to the theatre in a very humble capacity" (*Authorship*, etc., p. 3). Now, if the Baconians know all this, then Shakespeare's whole life is *not* shrouded in mystery. If his whole life is shrouded in mystery, then they *cannot* know all this. As to Shakespeare's learning, let it at once be admitted that in the eyes of a classical scholar he had "small Latin and less Greek." Jonson thought that Shakespeare's Latin and Greek were sufficient to enable him to write the Plays, otherwise he certainly might, while on the subject, have stated the contrary. Their relative scholarship is elucidated with precision and force by Gervinus: "A true scholar like Ben Jonson might say of him, in the consciousness of his own learning, that he had possessed 'small Latin and less Greek.' To us Germans the nature and condition of Shakespeare's education may be made perfectly clear by one word of comparison. Our Goethe and Schiller appear, compared to Voss, just as Shakespeare does compared to Ben Jonson. They read, they understood their Homer only in a German translation. But that the one learned to scan from Voss, and the other consulted Humboldt, at an advanced age of life, whether he still ought to study Greek, affords no conclusion as to their whole intellectual training. Just as little can Shakespeare's small amount of Greek witness against the cultivation of his mind, aye, not even against the extent of his

information." (*Shakespeare's Commentaries*, Gervinus, I., 36.) Conceding grudgingly, then, if they concede at all, that Shakespeare may have obtained some knowledge of Latin and Greek at the Stratford Grammar School, the hypothetists turn upon the Shakespearian, and volubly declare that it was impossible, under the circumstances, for Shakespeare, a Stratford lad, who knew nothing of English but "a vulgar patois and an unintelligible Warwickshire dialect," to have ever acquired the wondrous command of the English language which was subsequently developed in the Plays and Poems.

ALFRED WAITES.

(*To be continued.*)

A CONTEMPORARY OF SHAKESPEARE'S.



IN Dominie Ward's diary it is recorded that "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merrie meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a feaver there contracted." Sir Edward Hamley, however, in his matchless brochure, "Shakespeare's Funeral," pictures Drayton as arriving at Stratford, in company with young Raleigh, and putting out their horses at "The Falcon Tavern," in the High Street, kept by Eleanor Comyng (Kit Sly refusing not a tankard of ale to hold, preparatory to a visit to New Place). There they learn of Shakespeare's death, he having "parted but Tuesday"—whence, bowed with grief, the two attend the obsequies—and meet beside the grave "the jovial William Reynolds," Julius Shaw, Antony Nash, Thomas Combe, Hamnet and Judith Sadler, the Halls, the Quineys, and the newly-made widow, and others.

Of the two transcripts, if the former is more authentic, certainly the latter is the less repugnant to the nice Shakespearian who would have his idol "sitting like his grandsire, cut in alabaster," impervious to any weakness of poor human nature.

But Michael Drayton was a friend and comrade in esprit of Shakespeare's, and, whether partaker of his last revel or chance mourner at his funeral, deserves a place in our chronicles of his greater contemporary.

Michael Drayton resembles his friend Shakespeare at least in that we have so few exact details of his life. Like him he was Warwickshire born, the son of a butcher (though this is denied, of course, by those who in his case, as in Shakespeare's, are not at all unapt to dispute where they cannot affirm). He came of a poor but ancient family, doubtless connected with Fenny Drayton, in Leicestershire, just over the border of Warwickshire, in which county the poet was born in 1563, at Hartshill, a village half-way between Atherstone and Nuneaton, on the stream of which Drayton has sung as "Arden's Sweet Anker." Although his name cannot be found on the books of any college or hall, he was probably educated at Oxford by the generosity of Sir Henry Goodyere, of Polesworth Abbey, one of his earliest patrons and friends. He is said to have shown an early liking for poetry, particularly the classics, "which inspired him with a taste superior to his years, and made him dislike vulgar ditties, especially the ballads of one Elderton, at that time in much fame among common readers." His London career was not fortunate. He was received with but scant favor by James I.—indeed, was so snubbed there on account of his "forward pen," that he soon retired to the country, to Hartshill, about two miles from Stockingford (the "Paddiford Common" of George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life*), about midway between Nuneaton and Atherstone, where his home—a single-gabled, half-timbered, thatched cottage, standing in the midst of its small garden (the cottage is not more than twenty-one by fifteen feet, and has one room only on the ground floor and two small ones in the roof, and only one window back and front)—may still be seen. But though not received at Court, his brother poets speak of the unusual esteem in which he was held "among scholars, soldiers, poets, and all sorts of people;" and Thomas Fuller, who was twenty-three years

old when Drayton died, remarks that he was "a pious poet, his conscience having always the command of his fancy, very temperate in his life, slow of speech, and inoffensive in company," adding, with characteristic quaintness, "he changed his laurel for a crown of glory, Anno 1631." Drayton published his first volume of verse at the age of twenty-eight. He contrived to die a bachelor at the age of sixty-eight, notwithstanding that this volume contained no fewer than sixty-three sonnets, of varying merit, addressed to the same young lady whose praises he sings throughout his poems under the name of "Idea." Her real name was probably Annie Goodyere, the daughter of his patron. She was the only woman whom he celebrated in his verse, and from the sonnets it is clear that he loved her deeply, though after long years of friendship, for some unexplained reason, but probably because her relations were averse to the match, their love never found its fulfilment in marriage. Not a few of these sonnets are marred by the extravagant conceits and fantastic super-subtlety which characterized the age of Elizabeth; but others are admirable both in their conception and in their execution. One of the finest is that in which he foretold that he would confer immortality upon her by his verse. It runs :

"How many paltry, foolish, painted things
That now in coaches trouble every street,
Shall be forgotten whom no poet sings,
Ere they be well wrapped in their winding-sheet?
Where I to thee eternity shall give
When nothing else remaineth of these days.

.

So shalt thou fly above the vulgar throng,
Still to survive in my immortal song."

But it is with his *Polyolbion* that Drayton's name will be linked as long as it was remembered. It had been justly remarked that no other English poem known so well by name was so little known beyond its name. To it might be applied the epigrammatic epitaph which Robert Burton composed for

his own tombstone: *Paucis notus paucioribus ignotus*—known but to few, to fewer still unknown. The best description of the *Polyolbion* was to be found on its title-page: "Polyolbion, or, a Chorographical Description of Tracts, Rivers, Mountaines, Forests, and other Parts of this Renowned Isle of Great Britaine, with intermixture of the most Remarquable Stories, Antiquities, Wonders, Rarities, Pleasures, and Commodities of the same: Digested in a Poem by Michael Drayton, Esq.: With a Table added, for direction to those occurrences of Story and Antiquitie whereunto the Course of the Volume easily leads not." *Polyolbion* was doubtless intended to refer to Albion, which, by the ramshackle philology of that age, was derived from the Greek *olbios*, "happy," so that *Polyolbion* means "the Many-ways Happy Land of Albion." The poem consists of thirty cantos or "Songs," comprising about 30,000 lines, written in heavy twelve-syllabled Alexandrine couplets, of which a little goes a long way with ordinary readers. Some idea of its magnitude may be conceived from the consideration that if the number of lines in the twenty-four books of Homer's *Iliad* were added to those contained in the twenty-four books of the *Odyssey*, this, roughly speaking, would represent the size of the *Polyolbion*. Lord Macaulay, referring to Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, which exceeded the length of the *Polyolbion* by 4000 or 5000 lines, says that very few and very weary were those who were in at the death of the Blatant Beast. *Mutatis mutandis* the same was true of the *Polyolbion*, and of both poems it might be added that very few began the toil at all. The *Polyolbion* is a kind of poetico-geographical gazetteer, in eight-line stanzas, a sort of Baedeker or Murray in rhyme. Although long regarded as a standard topographical authority, such accuracy as it possessed is hardly appropriate in a poem. Its topography murders its poetry, and its poetry its topography. Nevertheless it is full of passages of curious interest relating to the antiquities, legends, and old-world customs of our island, its historical associations, and its natural products. It has met with

high praise from such critics as Hallam, Isaac D'Israeli, and Charles Lamb. But the fact remains that Drayton, in this as in others of his works, does not sufficiently discern the proper province and true limits of poetry, and this though he himself severely chastises certain rhymesters for

“Enforcing things in verse for poetry unfit.”

The lines, too, in which he criticises his rival Daniel, who succeeded Spenser as poet laureate, for being “too much historian in verse,” are singularly applicable to Drayton himself:

“His rhymes were smooth, his metres well did close,
But yet his manner better fitted prose.”

Drayton might well have been told to heal himself. He did at times in the course of his poem seem to realize that his “sprightly Muse,” as with somewhat more of gallantry than of truth he styled her, was having a hard time of it in her topographical travels. The first part of the poem, consisting of eighteen “Songs,” was published in 1613, when the poet was fifty years old. For various reasons, mentioned in his preface, its appearance was delayed. He appeared, too, to have suffered the not uncommon fate of poets in all ages, and to have fallen out with his publishers, for he wrote of his *Polyolbion* in a letter to his friend Drummond: “It lyeth by me; for the booksellers and I are not in terms, and they are a company of base knaves whom I both scorn and kick at.” The second part of the poem, consisting of twelve “songs,” appeared nine or ten years after the first, and is dedicated, with some prescience on its author's part, with the terse but somewhat sad—“To any that will read it.” The nineteenth song, the first of the second part, begins with the exhortation: “Bear bravely up, my Muse.” In later “songs” Drayton also speaks of his “too laborious Muse,” and his “labour'd canto,” and again he bids her “a while sit down and blow.” In the first line of the thirtieth and last “song” he again spurs her on to the finish:

“Yet cheerily on, my Muse, no whit at all dismay'd,”

and goes bravely to the close of his self-appointed task, which he appropriately in the concluding line describes as "this strange Herculean toil." The devices which Drayton adopted in adapting awkward proper names for the purposes of his verse were ingenious and amusing. Thus Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire figured as: "The Monumethian fields and Glamorgian ground." Other similar specimens were "the Staffordian heaths," "the Northamptonian earth," the "Essexian" and "Derbian nymphs," "the Suffolcean floods." The names of some towns, as Bungay and Beccles, appeared in all their native hideousness. And he says in one place:

"Now from Newmarket comes the muse."

Yet the *Polyolbion* contains many interesting and picturesque passages, such as the famous floral description of the nuptials of Thame and Isis, the noble glory-roll of English maritime discoveries—"globe-engirdling Drake" and the rest, the bead-roll of early English saints, and the blazons of the shires. The thirteenth "song" opens:

"Upon the Midlands now th' industrious muse doth fall;
That shire which we the heart of England well may call.

Above her neighbouring shires which always bore her head."

The muse is first invoked to tell of Arden, and the ancient forest was personified—a device frequently employed by Drayton—for the purpose of telling its own tale of the ruin of its woods. The speculative builder would appear to have been at his unlovely work in Warwickshire even in Drayton's time. The despoiled forest exclaimed, *in propria persona*:

"For when the world found out the fitness of my soil,
The gripple wretch began immediately to spoil
My tall and goodly woods and did my grounds enclose.

When Britain first her fields with villages had filled,
Her people wexing still, and wanting where to build,
They oft dislodg'd the hart, and set their houses where
He in the broom and brakes had long time made his leyre."

This is followed by charming descriptions of the Warwickshire birds singing in early morning, a deer-hunt, and the famous list of medicinal herbs and simples gathered by the hermit who

“ . . . leads a sweet retired life,
From villages replete with ragg'd and sweating clowns,
And from the loathsome airs of smoky-citied towns.”

Charles Lamb, speaking of this poem, says: “Drayton has not left a river in England, so narrow that it may be stepped across, without honorable mention.” The thirteenth “song” contains an account of Coventry, which is represented as “scorning all the towns that stand within its view.”

No better illustration of the instability of fame could be vouched than the remarkably high place which was given to Drayton by his contemporaries. One divine poet described him as “golden-mouthed.” Robert Tofte, the translator of Ariosto's Satires and author of the *Blazon of Jealousy*, wrote that he “not unworthily beareth the name of the chiefest Archangel Michael, and singeth after that souls-ravishing manner.” Another writer set him by the side of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. Ben Jonson, John Seldon, who composed the notes to the *Polyolbion*, and Drummond of Hawthornden, and many others, all loudly sang his praises. But the Nemesis of literary fame awaited the poet. Like Dives, he had his good things in his lifetime. Over-estimated by his contemporaries, he has perhaps been over-neglected by his successors. Yet it should be remembered that, though, like a disused quarry, he has become concealed by later growths, not a few of the poets who succeeded him have resorted to his hidden treasures for materials with which to build their lofty rhymes. Rochester imitated him, and Milton was said to have been indebted to his *Baron's Wars*. When Pope wrote “Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,” he doubtless appropriated the idea suggested in Drayton's line describing Ben Jonson as one

“Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring.”

Drayton wrote a ballad describing the battle of Agincourt in fifteen stirring stanzas, of which the following is a specimen :

“ They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.”

Is it too much to say that, if Michael Drayton had never written his *Ballad of Agincourt*, Alfred Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade* would not, two centuries and a half later, have seen the light, at least in its present form ?

Drayton's collected works, and these not complete, fill a volume of five hundred pages with double columns in small print. After looking through the fifty thousand or sixty thousand which he wrote, one feels that the poet would have fared better with posterity had he been more careful of the quality than lavish in the quantity of his composition. Once more one of his own lines might be applied to himself :

“ Who still wrote less in striving to write more.”

Drayton had a fatal facility of writing, which caused his pen to outrun his imagination and become diffuse and labored. No detail is too trivial for him, and no catalogue too long. He had a microscopic but an indiscriminating eye. After glancing at the *Baron's Wars* and others of the longer poems, which had been not inaptly characterized as “dull creeping narratives,” one would conclude Drayton's chief power lay in the presentation of ideas of a descriptive and cataloguing kind, though up and down his poems were to be found bright bits that lit up his vast tracts of rhyming verbiage, and, like green oases in a dry desert, rewarded the weary traveller for his past pains. Drayton's real poetic gift, if he had only discovered it, lay in lyrical rather than in heroic verse. Had he written more odes and pastorals, and fewer poetical *pieces de résist-*

ance, his fame would doubtless have been greater. As a laureate of Faeryland he was unsurpassed. Witness his *Nymphidia*, *The Shepherd's Sierna*, *The Quest of Cynthia*, Drayton unaccountably missed his proper vocation in the realm of poetry. He is buried in Westminster Abbey, where his epitaph, written by Ben Jonson, and addressing the marble upon which it was inscribed, foretold that, when it became ruined,

"His name, that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee."

But Rare Ben's confident prediction has not been fulfilled. Ichabod was already inscribed on the marble of Drayton's tomb. The flowers in his poet's wreath were thought by his fellows to be everlasting. They might not, indeed, utterly perish, but they are long since covered with the dust of centuries.—*From a Lecture by* SHOWELL ROGERS.

WHAT EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE SHALL I BUY?

V.—DR. HUDSON'S HARVARD EDITION.



DISCUSSION of editions of Shakespeare is a discussion simply of the editorial license. May an editor rewrite Shakespeare where he finds, or imagines that he finds, an obscurity? Or must he preserve the obscurity for Shakespeare's sake? On the answer to these two questions hang all the law and the prophets.

Unfortunately, or, perhaps, fortunately, for the multiplicity of editors, these questions cannot be answered categorically and directly, but must be attacked in detail and disposed of according to circumstances. To illustrate this let us take a couple of examples at random—one of a verbal reading and the other of a mere punctuation mark—bearing in mind at the same time that all arrangements of the text of Shakespeare must be

prepared as well for the general as for the special, for the grammar-school and the college as well as for the cloister, the library, and the study.

And, first, a verbal reading. When Hamlet, in bantering mood, remarked to Ophelia, that his father died "within two hours," and Ophelia corrects him with, "Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord," it would seem as if it were quite in Hamlet's vein at that moment to say, cynically, "So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, *before* I'll have a suit of sables."

The passage stands in the Second Quarto (printed in 1604), where it first occurs: "So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for we haue a sute of sables." In this clumsily printed Quarto, any such trifling misprint as *for* instead of *'fore* (a contraction for *before*) would have been a very simple one. And as the First Folio reprints it exactly, merely capitalizing the N in *nay*, the D in *devil*, and the S in *sables*, it would not have occurred to the printer's reader that there was any error in his copy.

But if we shall read the passage, as it stands in these and in most modern editions, "Nay, then, let the devil wear black, *for* I'll have a suit of sables," the expression is certainly peculiar enough to require more or less explanation of why Hamlet should mention the fact of the devil's wearing black, as a reason why he, Hamlet, should have a suit of sables. (Which were also black, or at least supposed to be of that hue, though I believe some commentators will have us understand that we should spell the word "sabels," and understand that *sabelle* or "Isabelle" color—that is, *flame* color—is meant, in reference to the fact that scarlet or other shades of red was the color of mourning in Denmark. And as a matter of fact, any industrious reader, who will take the pains to collect all the explanations of this speech of Hamlet's, will be amazed, not to say stupefied, at their variety and character.) Whereas, if this unlucky *for* is only a trifling misprint for *'fore*, no explanation or necessity for explanation would have occurred to the most rarefied of transcendental commentators—except the simple one

that Hamlet's mood was cynical, and that he was only muttering, by way of a retort, that the devil might put on black before he (Hamlet) would, when one's friends were so soon forgotten after their funerals—a figure of speech that needs no special analysis, since it was merely a retort, and not a statement of fact.

And yet, even in so apparent a case as this, where we apparently prefer a reading which accords with the moods and tenses and circumstances, to another which requires long excursions and much exercise of editorial ingenuity to construe: another reader (who demands Shakespeare as he was left to us, to Shakespeare as anybody thinks he meant himself to be) may ask—and with great reason—Why not rewrite Shakespeare entirely?

Now as to a punctuation mark: In the second part of the *Henry IV.* (present numbering V., v., 89), when Pistol, announcing the accession of Henry the Fifth to Falstaff in Shallow's garden, says, "Sweete knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this Realm," Silence sneers, *sotto voce*, "Birlady I think a be, but goodman Puffe of Barson." So the Quarto of 1600. The First Folio reads it, "Indeed, I think he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of Barson." Now why the comma in each case after *be* in the Quarto, or *bee* in the Folio? Silence, who has watched the old braggart rather carefully, is incredulous about Falstaff being such a great man as he and his retainers make him out, and says to himself, "You may think him a great man, but, in my opinion, this Falstaff is a wind-bag—a goodman Puff of Barson—puffed out with nothing but air (alluding to some local braggart of Barson or Barston; which, by the way, is a Warwickshire and not a Gloucestershire village, though Silence is supposed to be of Gloucestershire). But, although this explanation is simplicity itself (being, as in the other case, a mere by-word, a sneer, an aside, to express contempt, and so not necessary to analyze), by keeping this comma after the *be*, Silence's speech at once becomes obscure, and demands a footnote to explain it. . And so Dr.

Hudson, in the edition before us, explains it to mean that Silence ventures it as his opinion that goodman Puff of Barston is a bigger man than old Falstaff; the *but* in his speech having the force of *except*, or *with exception of*, an equivalent of the speech being, "With the exception of goodman Puff of Barston, Falstaff is the greatest man in the realm. But this explanation is, as we have seen, unnecessary if we omit the comma; while, with it, the whole sentence becomes vicious: since it is certainly false construction to say that Falstaff, with the exception of goodman Puff, is *one of the greatest men* in the realm!

By simply assuming (what is the fact), therefore, that the old Quarto printers were careless, we lay a question, which, otherwise, we can go on discussing until the crack of doom and through eternity, without the slightest possible prospect of a conclusion. Shall we, then, let Shakespeare stand as the First Folio prints him, whether we can understand him or not, or shall we revise the punctuation of that First Folio and imagine what letters may be misplaced or included in order to make a sense? Or shall we allow our friends, the general reader, the student, the scholar, the textual critic, each one with his own constructive-nesses, his own prejudices, his own preferences, each to suggest a difficulty without answer, whatever it is, and proposing his own, which satisfies nobody else. And, to add to all this maddening maze, we cannot overlook the fact that there is the great candid obstacle to any consensus at all—namely, that minds differ without prejudice, that what seems a misprint to one is to another the very life and fibre of a sentence. We all are creatures of our own moods and experiences, and no moods and experiences are identical. Is it not better, then, at once to welcome as many editions of Shakespeare as possible, rather than to criticise any?

We think that the above remarks are especially appropriate in an examination of Dr. Hudson's edition of Shakespeare. For Dr. Hudson was one of the most strongly individualized editors who ever lived to touch a Shakespeare. He believed

thoroughly in himself and had the courage of his convictions. Men who believe so thoroughly in themselves as did Dr. Hudson rarely make good editors. They are impatient of sifting and sorting, and calmly discussing that which disagrees with their own convictions, and which, because they disagree with it, seems to them rubbish and nonsense. But Dr. Hudson, fortunately, was not the less an editor because he was a strong thinker for himself. He united with his strong individuality editorial tact and impulse, and in combination these two qualities have given us a capital edition of Shakespeare as the result of his labors.

Not the least admirable thing about the Harvard Edition is Dr. Hudson's *Preface*, a rarely judicious effort, growing at times into some of the most extremely pungent criticism we remember to have read. For example:

"Small points, and issues almost numberless, running clear off into distant tenth-cousin matters, are raised, as if poetry so vital and organic as Shakespeare's, with its mouth so full of music, were but a subject for lingual and grammatical dissection . . . as if the main business of readers with Shakespeare's page before them were to pore, and dwindle as they pore. . . . In a vast number of cases the explanations are far more obscure to the average reader than the things explained, . . . the thing is clear enough until a garrulous and obtrusive learning takes it in hand, then the darkness begins to gather round it. . . . It seems to be presumed that people cannot rightly feed upon Shakespeare's poetry until it is first digested for them by being passed through some gerund-grinding laboratory," etc., etc.

It seems to us that after all the matter is best as it is—that the situation is best satisfied by the multitude of editors and editorial systems.

Why not? Shakespeare is like the ocean—oceanic, catholic, universal. He is, actually and absolutely, all things to all men. Shakespeare's readers, too, are of many minds—of all minds, moods, conditions—mental and moral equipments: as a whole they, too, are oceanic. They are of all sorts and places, too; they read their author in sixpenny paper

and in tree calf, in flimsy muslin and in crushed levant, in Boydells and in Bowlders. Why should there not be, then, editors for all these readers?

With our own solution of this problem we understand Dr. Hudson to agree perfectly. It has been said, "For the heights of the sublime, go to Shakespeare; for the height of the ridiculous, go to his commentators." And probably the craft of commentary, in congress assembled, would admit itself fairly open to the gibe. But of the Harvard Shakespeare plan we can at least say that the two are discreetly separated. Its editor has taken his post between text and comment, and given the reader of either an opportunity of solitude from intrusion of the other. The Harvard Edition, in short, says to the reader, as nearly as one edition can say it, Take your choice of no note, of footnote, or of critical commentary.

It gives at the foot of every page of text such brief glossarial and explanatory notes as the reader may possibly or probably need, and need at once, in order to take in the sense of what he is reading, but which he would rather assess or "average" than break to turn over to the end of the play to have elaborately construed to him. But should he query as to the explanatory footnote, or care to go further, he may so turn to the end of the play and find what Dr. Hudson calls (and what are in the best sense of the term) *critical* notes—viz.: short, collative memoranda of what either editors have surmised, embracing the gist of prior editorial comment. We must add that Dr. Hudson's footnotes are always helpful and never obtrusive, and that the critical notes are, on the whole, fair: though, of course, an editor is to be allowed his opportunity, and since (as we have said) Dr. Hudson was a man of strong convictions, these often become controversial. But at any rate nothing controversial is forced upon the reader in the footnotes. He can read Shakespeare in the Harvard Edition without being called upon to decide between pundits or to assess probabilities, or bother with the warfare of the wiseacres. In other words, the reader of the Harvard Edition can be critical or uncritical as he pleases!

VI.—THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE.

THE co-editors of this edition are stated to be: Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Frank A. Marshall, and Mr. Oscar Fay Adams. The burden of the editorial labor, and the credit of it, is Mr. Marshall's, however; Mr. Irving's part being merely to supply an Introductory Essay on "Shakespeare as a Playwright," and Mr. Adams' to allow the use of his name in order to secure an American copyright—a ruse in our opinion entirely proper. For, so long as international copyright is denied us, let us have as many ruses to do justice as possible. Only, in this case, it would have seemed better could the publishers have secured use of the name of an American Shakespearian, which we believe Mr. Adams is not and does not claim to be. To the six volumes of this edition already issued, the highest praise must be awarded. The desideratum of something new in the way of Shakespeare editing has certainly been attained. Not only is there a separate Introduction (divided into, I., a "Literary History of the Play," II., "Critical Remarks") and a separate setting of Notes to each play, the notes being arranged, as in Dr. Hudson's *Harvard Shakespeare*, into two tables, those definitive or glossarial merely being put at the bottom of each page of text, those critical or historical being grouped at the end of each play; and not only is there capital original illustration of the play by Gordon Browne (of which we shall speak again), but three features have been introduced here for the first time into Shakespeare editing. These three are, I., a marginal cancellation, by brackets, to indicate what passages of the text are to be omitted in setting the play for the stage, according to Mr. Irving's ideas; II., a list of words used only in each play; and III., a map of the country in which the scene of the play is laid as it was at the date the play was written. These latter are highly valuable and a credit to the edition, and alone enough to rank it highly among editions. It adds, indeed, to our intelligent reading, to have spread before us the scenes of the play according to the country referred to, with the names

which provinces and localities bore in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We only hope that when Mr. Marshall brings us down to *The Winter's Tale*, he will give us a seacoast to Bohemia, by assigning to Bohemia that province or those provinces on the Adriatic which George Sand (in her unused notes for *Consuelo*) declared that the King of Bohemia possessed in Shakespeare's time. Certainly he will be obliged to do so, if he give the map appended to *The Winter's Tale* the title he has affixed to the other maps, "Map to Illustrate the Play of," etc. So to the *Tempest* will Mr. Marshall, we hope, also give us a chart of the "Still Vexed Bermoothes." We confess to a slight mental resistance in finding that Mr. Marshall's map to illustrate *As You Like It* is of the Ardennes, the thickly wooded (until recently) precinct in France in which are Sedan, Luxemburg, Bouillon, and Mezieres, when there was a forest of Arden in Warwickshire. But we admit that the editor has ample authority for it where he seeks to find it. Besides these features there are two brief tables at the end of each play, called respectively, "Original Readings Adopted" and "Original Readings Suggested," which we will examine later on in speaking of the editorial work.

It is announced in the Preface that more special attention has been given to stage directions in this edition than in any other. And we cannot too highly commend the character and performance of this portion of the work. Up to this time the stage directions, given in our library editions, have simply been the stage directions of the First Folio, plus such corrections of such obvious errors as occurred in them; very little more, if anything, has been done. But now a real service has been rendered, and, next to illustrations and (as in this edition) maps, it is astonishing how much light is thrown upon the great text (even more than by the most elaborate and learned of notes), by the insertion of these amplified and explanatory stage directions. Let us pause for one or two examples from a single play.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Stage Directions.

	(Globe Edition.)	(Henry Irving Edition.)
I., i., 66	Enter PAGE	Page (<i>entering from house</i>).
I., i., 168	None,	Pistol, Bardolph, and Nym retire up stage.
I., i., 177	None,	Exeunt into house, all except Shallow, Slender, and Evans. Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym touch their sword-hilts meaningly as they pass Slender.
231	Re-enter ANNE PAGE	Re-enter Anne Page from house.
IV., 78	Writes.	RUGBY brings paper. CAIUS goes to table at back, and writes.

It is impossible not to appreciate the value of this. Indeed, the Bankside and the Henry Irving Editions seem to have introduced innovations into Shakespeare editing the value of which cannot well be gainsayed.

We have already said, in noticing the Leopold Shakespeare, that the true way to illustrate Shakespeare was to mortice the pictures into the text, that the reader without lifting his eyes from the page might have the scenes, costumes, and actions before him. The Henry Irving does this not only, but it adds full-page engravings and utilizes the space of head-pieces to each play for equally illustrative vignettes. The constant excellence of these pictures is most notable. Mr. Gordon Browne is the son of Mr. Halbot Browne, who made his reputation long ago as an illustrator, and he is fully sustaining the reputation of his name.

As to the notes, possibly they are not of as high value as are the special features of this edition. For example: we do not think that the passage, answer of the Second Citizen to Flavius in *Julius Caesar*, I., i., 24, "Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl," requires the footnote:

² *Awl*, an obvious pun on *awl* and *all*.

And we have marked many another note illustrative of the seemingly insuperable reluctance of most Shakespearian editors to assuming an average intelligence in their readers. But it is a graceless task to pick flaws in work so generally admirable as the Henry Irving Shakespeare, whose later volumes will receive further notice in these pages.

SHAKESPEARE'S AMERICAN EDITORS.

IV.—GULIAN CROMMELIN VERPLANK.



HERE is no more picturesque character in American chronicles than Gulian Crommelin Verplank (or Verplanck), who died in the city of New York twenty years ago, March 18, 1870.

Mr. Verplank was born August 6, 1786, in the venerable mansion of the Dutch period, which still stands on its broad foundation at Fishkill-on-Hudson, and which is one of the historical mansions of America, since within its walls, May 13, 1783, George Washington and his associates drafted the plan of the Order of the Cincinnati, of which he was the first President. During the Revolution, and at the birth of Mr. Verplank, this mansion (the date of its building is unknown, but it was probably then more than a century old), was the ancestral property of his father, Gulian Crommelin Verplank, Senior, who was a patriot foremost in his country's counsels, and for many years Member of Congress from the State of New York.

The future first American editor of Shakespeare was graduated at Columbia College (lately King's College, under her old charter from King George II.), and was admitted to the bar of the city of New York, of which he speedily became a foremost leader. But politics and literature, too, had their attractions, which were not to be resisted, and we find Mr. Verplank representing Dutchess County in the New York State Legislature from 1820 to 1821. In the last-named year he was appointed Professor of Moral Science and the Evidences in the General Theological

Seminary, and held that chair until 1825, when he was elected Representative of the State in Congress, to which honor he was successively re-elected until the year 1833. In 1829, Mr. Verplank began to urge upon Congress the passage of a statute for the protection of authors, and it is to his signal, persevering, and unremitting services that American authors are indebted for the Act of February 3, 1831 (4 U. S. Stats. at L., ch. 16), which more than doubled the existing term of protection, and is the basis of the present liberal law (Act of July 8, 1870). This act for the first time simplified the cumbrous proceedings that injured authors had been obliged to invoke, and must ever remain to Mr. Verplank's enduring honor, and entitle his memory to the gratitude of American letters. On leaving Congress Mr. Verplank was always a foremost citizen, being respectively, and until his death, a Commissioner of Emigration, Governor of the City Hospital, Vice-Chancellor of the State University, and President of the Century Club of the city of New York.

A curious and now entirely forgotten episode of Mr. Verplank's life, which is interwoven at once with the history of Columbia College, of the city, and finally of the State of New York, may well be resurrected here: In 1786, King's College (originally established by the colony of New York with money raised by a public lottery established by the Assembly, and to which Trinity Church gave the triangular piece of land bounded by Church, Murray, and Barclay Streets, in the then upper part of New York City), took a confirmation of its royal charter from the State of New York under the name of Columbia College, and the famous De Witt Clinton was its first graduate under the new name (1786). Mr. Clinton was, therefore, intensely proud of his Alma Mater and of his prestige as her first graduate, and allowed nobody to vie with him in honoring her. In July, 1811, he was Mayor of New York City. It happened during the month that certain students of the senior class of Columbia College, in the course of the festivities in honor of their coming graduation, became, perhaps, unusually demon-

strative in the matter of unhinging the gates, extinguishing the lamps, hammering the door-knockers, and changing the swinging signs of the early retiring citizens, and for their pains found themselves apprehended by the watch, and secured for the remainder of the night in the city Bridewell, and, in the morning, haled before the Mayor's Court, where Mayor Clinton sat in person on the bench. Now Mayor Clinton loved Columbia College and honored her name beyond everything. A student of Columbia was his brother, and he found himself conflicting between a longing to honorably discharge the young men and a stern conviction of his magisterial duties and the upholder of the peace of New York, whose chief ruler he was. To add to his dilemma, Mr. Verplank appeared as counsel for the young men, and Mr. Verplank was quite as fond and proud of Columbia College as was Mayor Clinton, a graduate only a single year his senior. Verplank was, as we have seen, just entering politics, and he had been led to the party opposite to that of which Clinton was the leader. Here was Verplank's opportunity and he improved it. He made an impassioned speech, in which he took care to picture Mayor Clinton as posing as the enemy of his own Alma Mater Columbia, and persecuting its students, incidentally touching upon the then present condition of New York State and national politics and Mr. Clinton's unworthy sonship not only of Columbia College, but of the State of New York and of the United States of America. He acquitted the boys, but earned the life-long enmity of Clinton. The incident grew in the public talk and ended in making Verplank the leader of his party, as Clinton was of his own, and thence began a warfare which was waged in every field. Clinton, as well as Verplank, had literary aspirations, and among other weapons they fought by the then fashionable lampoon. Verplank printed "The Bucktail Bards" (1818), "The Epistles of Brevet-Major Pindar-Puff" (1819), and others, to which Clinton was not backward in replying, ridiculing Verplank as "Abimelech Cooley, Ladies' Shoemaker," in response to his own nickname of "Pindar-Puff," which Verplank (having dis-

covered that Clinton, when a student at Columbia had written verses) bestowed upon him. The very names of these lampoons have perished now, but everybody read and enjoyed them throughout the State, and they were freely quoted in the political arenas of the day.

But Mr. Verplank was to make other and solidier contributions to literature. He is credited meanwhile with an "Address Before the American Assembly of Fine Arts" (1824), "Essays on the Nature and Uses of the Various Evidences of Revealed Religion" (1824), "Essays on the Doctrine of Contracts" (1825), "Discourses and Addresses on Subjects of American History, Art, and Literature" (1833), and "The American Scholar" (an address delivered at Union College in 1836.)

But the work by which Mr. Verplank will be longest known, and which entitles him to a high place in SHAKESPEARIANA's Roll of Honor, is that in 1847 he published an independent American edition of Shakespeare in three royal octavo volumes, thus becoming actually the first American editor of Shakespeare, certainly the first who independently bestowed original labor upon the Text of the Plays. The full title reads "Shakespeare's Plays, with his Life: Illustrated with many hundred Wood-cuts, executed by H. W. Hewet, after Designs by Kenny, Meadows, Harvey, and others. Edited with Critical Introductions, Notes etc., Original and Selected. Edited by Gulian C. Verplank, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers."

Mr. Verplank's method unconsciously was that which every American editor was to more or less follow. The field of European criticism invited, then as now, the Variorum editor to sift and select at will. But the will has always been, to the American, toned down by his own taste and impatience of mere imbecility, or what seems, to an American, imbecility. Shakespeare himself did not "lie among the daisies and discourse in novel phrases" of "his complicated state of mind," and why should his commentators? As Mr. Whipple—who never did a better piece of work in his life than his review (in the old *North American*, which, like all good things too quickly passed away) of

this very edition—remarks: “Antiquarians and commentators are apt unconsciously to rate their discoveries and illustrations as of more value than the things to which they refer, and Shakespeare especially has been sacrificed by a class of lynx-eyed dogmatists—always quarrelling among themselves, and each claiming, for the morsels of human knowledge he has contributed, a ludicrous importance.” And Mr. Whipple, had he written these words in 1889 instead of in 1848, might have qualified his sentence by using the word “alleged” before “discoveries” and “morsels”—with a nearer truthfulness. It would be a heavy task in anybody to-day, to better as a whole Mr. Verplank’s edition of Shakespeare, made—as it was—almost half a century ago, with a judgment always rigid between the lines of personal common-sense and the highest catholicity, with scholarly, eloquent, and loving pen. Examples of all Mr. Verplank’s editorial work we hope to give at length when SHAKESPEARIANA comes to describe the Verplank Edition—under our title “WHAT EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE SHALL I BUY?”

A. M.

V.—APPLETON MORGAN.

APPLETON MORGAN, whose portrait formed our frontispiece last month, is the youngest of the American editors of Shakespeare, having been born less than forty years ago in the City of Portland, Maine. Mr. Morgan is descended from Revolutionary stock both on his father’s and his mother’s side, being the direct descendant of Brigade-Major Abner Morgan, who accompanied Col. Elisha Porter’s regiment of Continental troops to Quebec with Montgomery in 1775, and of Gen. James Appleton, who served with distinction in the War of 1812.

Mr. Morgan’s Shakespearian services have been already recounted in SHAKESPEARIANA (Vol. V., p. 485). In 1888 he established *The Bankside Shakespeare*, to be completed in twenty volumes, whose entirely original and helpful plan has been so often described in these pages, and of which the New York Shakespeare Society is now printing volume seventh.

Miscellany.

MR. HENRY E. DIXEY'S *The Seven Ages*, now running at the Standard Theatre, New York City, is a wonderfully clever adaptation of Jacques's speech to tableaux. In the Introduction or Prologue Mr. Dixey goes to a niche and addresses a bronze statue of Shakespeare, who descends, calls for sack, and is given a rare American whiskey instead—whereof he approves highly—and, after expressing himself characteristically on the attempts of Francis Bacon (whom he calls "an old Bill of Costs") to steal his plays, returns to his Walhalla, leaving Mr. Dixey (in the character of Archie Von Leer, a Columbia College man) to dream *The Seven Ages*. The make-up of the Justice, with technical attention to Jacques's specifications, is immense. The whole does Mr. Dixey the greatest credit. He overacts nothing, and the book of the play is written with abounding capacity and information.

Englische Studien has the following notice of Dr. Price's "*Construction and Types of Shakespeare's Verse as Seen in the Othello*" (No. 8 of the Publications of the New York Shakespeare Society):

"As for English versification in general, so especially for Shakespeare's verse-construction, there has been for years past a growing interest felt; for in metrical investigations it was believed that the safest solution might be found for the question of the plays and the question of authorship. G. Koenig has the merit of having worked up the scattered material of this discussion into one comprehensive presentation, Q. F., LXI. The older view, according to which there was to be seen in Shakespeare only the play of a lawless inborn genius, is now happily in general abandoned. We have now to be on our guard against the opposite fault, against attributing to Shakespeare metrical refinements of which he certainly had no notion. The Vice-President of the New York Shakespeare Society praises Shakespeare's verses as 'containing an element of mysterious effect, of deeply calculated, inscrutable art.' The material of Shakespeare's verses, according to Dr. Price, is composed of twenty-two staves. In the *Othello*, which gives an example of Shakespeare's mature manner, we have, beside

the perfect verses, to consider also the imperfect and the broken verses. Of the 2897 verses of the drama 263 are imperfect, and among them 31 different constructions; and the 252 broken verses exhibit 23 constructions. In all this there is a metrical generosity that no prose can resist. In this fashion Watkiss Lloyd, in 1884, converted the *Much Ado About Nothing*, without essentially changing a word, completely into verses (cf. Engl. St., IX., 319).

"In order to fix the types of Shakespeare's verses, Dr. Price lays weight on five points: 1. The cæsura, whether masculine or feminine; 2. The place of the cæsura; 3. The ending, whether feminine or masculine (catalectic); 4. The admission of the dactyl; 5. The admission of the syncope. The first act of the *Othello* contains, according to Dr. Price, 214 verses with masculine and 113 with feminine cæsura; the second, 163 masculine and 113 feminine; the third, 249 masculine and 173 feminine; the fourth, 168 masculine and 89 feminine; the fifth, 184 masculine and 110 feminine. Furthermore, Dr. Price shows how the different verse-types are distributed according to the different characters. Believers in the verse-tests will be able to take much from Dr. Price's results with gratitude."

AMONG the treasures of the Lenox Library is a complete set of the Quartos of the Doubtful Plays, not only those admitted to the Third Folio in 1664, but the others more or less accredited to the "Doubtful List." We are not aware of another so complete a set in the world.

A NEW volume of "The New Variorum" of Dr. Furness is an event in the Shakespearian world. We are happy to announce that *As You Like It* is well under way, and will very shortly leave the press of Messrs. Lippincott. As this is the first of the comedies to appear in "The New Variorum" its advent will be looked for with impatience.

MR. APPLETON MORGAN sends me this melancholy tale: "Some weeks ago Lionel Booth, Esq., of London, presented me with a pamphlet copy of his reprint of the Third Folio *Pericles* which he had purchased at auction, and which, thirty years ago, he had presented to John Payne Collier, and upon which Mr. Collier had written his name below the presentation inscription. I determined to bind the pamphlet and letter together with the outside cover of the pamphlet, so as to preserve these interest-

ing (and now valuable) autographs, and gave my binder careful personal instructions as to the same. A few days ago the book came back, elegantly bound, the letter from Mr. Booth to myself nicely inserted, and the outside cover—which was rather shabby in appearance—retained all right. The autographs of Mr. Collier and Mr. Booth, however, had been nicely shaved off! I am writing to my binder, out of curiosity, to ask what he supposed I wanted that cover preserved for? But, meanwhile, it occurs to me that some reader of the *Critic* may wish to employ a binder, and might wish the address of mine.”—*The Critic*.

USING SHAKESPEARE'S DUST AS AN AD.—STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH PROVING A GOLD MINE FOR VICAR ARBUTHNOT.—The Vicar of Stratford recently announced from his pulpit that he “does not object to his church being commonly called Shakespeare's Church, nor to receive gifts for it in honor of his immortal memory.” Apparently not. I should say, from the following fly-leaf recently distributed among his congregation, that, so far from “objecting” to the use of Shakespeare's name, Mr. Arbuthnot regards the poet as a veritable gold mine:

STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH.

PLEASE READ THIS IN THE CHURCH.

“The chancel contains the dust of the greatest poet of the Anglo-Saxon race. We are anxious to make it more worthy of the worship of God and of its illustrious dead. What we intend to do:

“To repair thoroughly the stalls (estimated cost, £276); to replace the ancient oak backs to the height of the window-sills (estimated cost, £308); to repave the chancel, substituting, if possible, marble for stone (estimated cost, £280); to cleanse and repair the walls, etc. (estimated cost, £358); to erect a new reredos, including sculptured figures (estimated cost, £1771); to alter and improve the altar rail and gas fittings (estimated cost, £193); to readjust the warming apparatus (estimated cost, £132); to repair the parapet outside, and replace the old pinnacle (estimated cost, £217).

“The estimates have been approved by Messrs. Boodley & Garner, who are architects for the work, and amount in all to £3535. I shall be thankful to hear from anybody who will undertake any part of this scheme, or will give substantial

help. If you cannot do this, will you at least give sixpence or a shilling towards its completion by placing it in one of the church boxes. G. ARBUTHNOT, Vicar."—*The London Truth*.

THE surgeons take their turn at anatomizing Shakespeare in a very technical essay on "Dentition in Utero" (apropos of Richard III.) in *The Lancet*. Mr. Walter Pater's "English Kings of Shakespeare" in *Scribner's* is neither new nor strong, almost as weak, in fact, as "The Mother of Shakespeare" in *The Woman's Journal*. "Macbeth Considered as a Celt," in *The National Review*, and "Facts and Fancies About Macbeth," in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, are—like the run of stuff elicited by the Irving-Terry-Macbeth revival—not overstimulating. "The Genesis of Othello," in another issue of the last-named magazine, is much better all around. "The Date and Occasion of the Tempest," in *The Universal Review*, is not new—as probably it could not be—but interesting; while the elaborate "Shakespeare in Somerset," by the Dean of Wells, in the *Contemporary*, is about the most elaborate piece of work, with so small a *quantum* of fact for base, we ever remember to have seen. It would be difficult to name a locality of which Shakespeare was not an habitu  , according to the good Dean's logic about Somerset.

WE notice that Dr. Furnivall is reported in an English exchange as making a little speech about Shakespeare the other day, in which, as usual, he soon travelled from Shakespeare to Furnivall, and gave a pleasant account of how he—Furnivall—had passed his vacation. It is wonderful how inconceivably rare and precious, as Lady Jane would say, Shakespearian study is made by these priceless bits of Furnivallia. The Pr  torius Fac-simile of the 1594 *Taming of a Shrew*, is invaluable to the student of sixteenth century archives by reason of an account of the Percy Furnivall bicycle and its triumphs—and the Pr  torius Fac-simile of "the Whole Contention" of 1619 is not the only work which is put at once beyond price by such illustrative touches as that "I" (Dr. Furnivall) "markt it in August at Castleton village on the edge of the North-Riding moors, 15 miles West of Whitby—I rezolved to take the further trouble of marking by the Folio—or rather the Globe-Shakespeare—as well as by Q i," etc., etc.

NAMES FOR EDITIONS.—The list of names for editions of Shakespeare is not yet quite exhausted. We have the Albion,

the Arundel, the Bankside, the Blackfriars, the Chandos, the Cambridge, the Clarendon, the Delius, the Friendly, the Globe, the Hamlet, the Henry Irving, the Harvard, the Leopold, the Riverside, the Stratford, the Warwick, the Universal, etc. Why not the names still more associated with Shakespeare and Elizabethan London—such as the Alleyn, the Ashbies, the Barnard, the Betterton, the Boar's Head, the Curtain, the Datchet, the D'Avenant, the Eastcheap, the Fluellen, the Falstaff, the Fortune, the Flaversham, the Flacknoe, the Fletcher, the Folkestone, the Fortinbras, the Gabriel Harvey, the Gonderbert, the Grendon-in-Bucks, the Greville, the Hall, the Hathaway, the Hamblett, the Hariot, the Hemings and Conde, the Henrietta, the Holland, the Hythe, the Jacques-Peter, the Jonson, the Keane, the Kempe, the Knowell, the Launce, the Lancaster, the Leicester, the Lenox, the Lucrece, the Maidstone, the Marlborough, the Meres, the Merrick, the Middleton, the Miranda, the Nash, the Northumberland, the Oldcastle, the Ophelia, the Ormond, the Oxford, the Palladis, the Parnassus, the Pembroke, the Patay, the Penroodocke, the Phoenix and Turtle, the Pistol, the Portia, the Printers, the Queen Elizabeth, the Quincey, the Raleigh, the Ratcliffe, the Ravenscroft, the Rose, the Rowe, the Rye, the Saffron-Walden, the Saxo, the Sapperton-Smithfield, the Shaftesbury, the Shotttery, the Shrewsbury, the Shirley, the Stuart, the Southampton, the St. Albans, the Stationers, the Sutherland, the Talbot, the Timon, the Trivety, the Tudor, the Troilus, the Upton, the Viola, the Warwickshire, the Waynfleete, the Whateley, the Welmincote, the Worcester, the Yarmouth. With forty-five new editions per year possibly the above list, which is not copyrighted, may yet be drawn upon.

GUSTAVUS BROOK had a most wonderful voice, a voice of tremendous power, at the same time of great melody and with a great deal of variety. On one occasion he was acting with Forrest, our American tragedian. He was then a stock actor in one of the English towns in which Forrest was starring, when some one said to him: "Brook, look out! Here is Forrest coming. He has a powerful voice, a voice that will drown anything that was ever heard before." Brook replied, "I will show him something if he tries it with me." Forrest played Othello and Brook Iago, and in the great scene in the third act where Othello lays hold of Iago, Forrest put forth the whole of his tremendous force, which he always did. The moment he finished Brook came out with his speech, "Oh, Grace! oh,

Heaven, defend me!" etc., in a manner that almost made the roof shake. It absolutely seemed as if Forrest's voice had been nothing. It astonished Forrest and astonished everybody. I suppose Brook had the most powerful lungs, except Salvini's, that were ever given to an actor. That is a very exhausting speech in *Othello* in this scene, and about the time Forrest was done he was pretty well pumped out and the other came in fresh. It was not a very wise act upon Brook's part and contrary to his better judgment; but he had become so worked by the repeated warnings on Forrest's tremendous voice that he did it on the spur of the moment. Forrest certainly was never more surprised in the course of his professional life, for it was seldom he met with a man whose utterance could compare with his own in volume and strength.—*Lester Wallack's Reminiscences.*

SINCE Theopolus, son of Colley Cibber, the stage has the record of very few great successes among actors in the part of Ancient Pistol, but the late G. Bishop made an immense success in the part in *Henry V.* at Booth's Theatre when last played in New York, and probably he has left no successor. Mr. Bishop was one of the old school of conscientious actors—like the late John Gilbert, whose ambition was to excel in their peculiar rôles, without posing as "stars," or having special plays written to fit them. Mr. Bishop expired suddenly of heart failure after an exit in the part of Abraham Butterworth in *Lord Chumley* at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, on the evening of October 12. New York theatre-goers will never forget the picturesque production of the *Henry V.*, at Booth's Theatre, when George Rignold was the King and Fred. Thorne was Fluellen and Mr. Bishop was Pistol. Among all the memorable scenes of this performance, which is one of the historic events in the annals of the New York stage, none remains more vividly in the memory than that in which Fluellen stood with a cudgel over Pistol, who sat on the ground and eat the leek. The ludicrous acting of Mr. Bishop made him one of the most delightful figures in the play, as his rich and genial humor made him popular on all occasions.

A REJOINDER FROM MR. WINTERS.—CHANGES MADE AND CHANGES INTENDED.—*To the Editor of the Tribune:* SIR: Those of your readers who are interested in the subject may, perhaps, remember that in a letter of mine, written at Stratford-upon-Avon on July 15, and published in your paper on

September 2, attention was called to the injurious changes that have been made in the Shakespeare church and churchyard in that place, by the order, and under the management, of the Vicar of the parish, the Rev. George Arbuthnot.

Those readers may also remember that the Rev. Mr. Arbuthnot, by way of justifying his proceedings, sent a letter to the *Tribune*, which was duly published by you, making a general denial of all that had been alleged, protesting against an alleged attempt to disparage him by associating his name with that of Lord Sackville, and in effect trying to narrow the question to the one detail of displacement of human remains in the churchyard.

My rejoinder to the Rev. Mr. Arbuthnot was the reiteration of every statement made in my letter of July 15, as true, and as sustainable by evidence; and your readers were futhermore apprised, not upon the authority of an American writer, but upon that of the London *Truth*, that not even one-quarter of the acts of vandalism done by the order of the Vicar of Stratford, in and around the Shakespeare church, had been specified by me. It ought to be apparent, even to enemies of mine, that this is not a case of sensation-mongering, or individual hostility, or persecution.

Many changes have been made in Stratford church and churchyard. This cannot be denied, because the place itself shows the fact. The old galleries are gone. The old pews are gone. Various mural tablets are gone. The old stone pulpit is gone. The priest desks have gone. A commemorative window in the south clerestory is gone. The organ is gone, and the arch between the nave and the chancel is dwarfed by the incumbrance of a new one. The churchyard has been levelled. Grave-mounds have been removed. Gravestones have been taken away, and all the stones left have been straightened. In a word, the church has been renovated and as far as possible made stylish and modern, and in that way its venerable and beautiful antiquity has been impaired. The Rev. Mr. Arbuthnot may contend that all this is "improvement." The majority of his fellow-citizens, together with all the Shakespearians in the world, are of a contrary opinion. These changes are thought to be changes not for the better, but for the worse, and they have called forth earnest and sometimes indignant protests, particularly in Stratford's neighboring city of Birmingham, from many votaries of Shakespeare—on whose account, and on whose account alone, this church has more than merely an ecclesiastical value, and is precious to the whole world.

Editorial.

IN its issue for January, 1889, SHAKESPEARIANA was obliged to commence the year with the mournful announcement that James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, greatest of Shakespearian scholars, had passed forever from the earth. We propose, in commemoration of the anniversary, to make our issue for January, 1890, a memorial of the departed scholar and gentleman—devoting our pages to memorabilia of his life, methods, opinions, and work—reminiscence, anecdote, and illustration. Our frontispiece will be an engraving in half tone of the only portrait of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in the United States (the one taken shortly before his death and now in possession of the New York Shakespeare Society), a picture of the empty chair at Hallinbury Copse—his study chair just as he rose from it on the morning of New Year's day never again to enter the beautiful room where it stood surrounded by its owner's matchless collections, together with other material which our readers will care to preserve in loving memory of the man who has made their work easy and added priceless interest to their study.

LAST month we cautioned our readers, and our citizens generally, against irritating the Rev. George Arbuthnot. But we were too late. The Rev. George Arbuthnot is already irritated. The *Stratford-on-Avon Herald*, under date of November 5, printed the following letter from another correspondent:

SIR: One word more about the Stratford Vicar. Unfortunately, his Continental travels were at an end when I was in Stratford this summer, and the pleasure of one pious pilgrim to Shakespeare's grave was rudely broken by insulting words uttered in his own chancel against Americans and their 'fancied' love for Shakespeare. When reminded by an American, who turned upon him, of the work done for Stratford by some of his

maligned compatriots, he gave me this commission: "Tell your countrymen, when you return, that though we hear much of their love for Shakespeare, we get but little of their money." He didn't specify just the number of guineas it would take to buy the bones, gravestone and all; but it is not a hopeless speculation for any one inclined. I give you his message, because, to use his own general if not trenchant observation, "anything coming from Stratford-on-Avon has a special interest for American readers."

E. C. G.

UTICA, N. Y., Oct. 4, 1889.

Will our esteemed contemporaries kindly publish the Rev. George Arbuthnot's message to all America? "TELL YOUR COUNTRYMEN, WHEN YOU RETURN, THAT THOUGH WE HEAR MUCH OF THEIR LOVE FOR SHAKESPEARE, we get but little of their MONEY!"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- (46) SHAKESPEARE'S FUNERAL, and Other Papers. By Sir Edward Hamley. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 12mo. cloth, pp. 311.
- (37) THE LONDON STAGE. Its History and Traditions. By H. Barton Barker, author of "Our Old Actors." London, W. H. Allen & Co. 2 vols., 12mo, cloth, pp. 296-323.
- (47) SHAKESPEARE. The Harvard Edition. Edited by the Rev. Henry N. Hudson, LL.D. Boston: Ginn & Co. 20 vols., 12mo, cloth, pp. about 250.

(37) The fascination of the study of old theatres, actors, and stage chronicles clings about these volumes, which begin their record with the old playhouses on the Bankside. and close with matters quite within the days of which we are ourselves a part, thus knitting together in one mutual sheaf, as it were, the divinity that hedged those days of which we never weary to read, with the divinity that still doth hedge the actor, the mirror held up to nature, and the microcosm where humanity repeats itself "in little," to our nightly vision. There is no higher form of literature than the Dramatic; and no prouder branch of English literature than that which has been written practicably for the English stage. From long before the days of bluff Harry

the Eighth, the Bankside, that is the river edge across the Thames in Southwark opposite the city, had been the favorite suburban resort of pleasure-seeking Londoners; its groves and greensward had supplied them a semi-rural retreat, and under its trees was constant summer holiday ground. It was easy of access by old London Bridge, but especially so by water, the extent of which we may judge somewhat from the fact that, so late as the reign of James I. (according to Taylor "the water-poet"), "the number of watermen and those that live and are maintained by them, and by the only labor of the oar and scull, betwixt the bridge of Windsor and Gravesend, cannot be fewer than forty thousand—the cause of the greater half of which multitude hath been the players playing on the Bankside." But sometimes prior—not much prior probably—to 1584 to the shows, and tumblers, the boxers and fencers, was added the amusement of bear and bull-baiting, a bloody sport, but one requiring an enclosure, and a round building open to the sky was erected for the purpose which was named "Paris Garden." This was soon followed by another like it called the "Bear Garden." By and by these enclosures were utilized by strolling players, who put up a temporary stage, and soon after a third was added, with a permanent stage exclusively for plays, though it is supposed that for a long period this stage was movable and was carried out if it were proposed to have a bull or bear-baiting instead. This third enclosure was called "The Rose Theatre" or "The Little Rose," and was the first regular theatre built on the Bankside, getting its name from a tenement or manor named The Rose, in the charter of Edward VI., which granted the manor of Southwark to the corporation of London. Soon another theatre, the Swan (named from another existing tenement) arose at the east end of the Bankside, and then another yet, in 1594, this called by a name destined to be forever a household word in English tongues, "The Globe." Still another, "The Hope," to be associated with Ben Jonson (for here his *Bartholomew Fair* was acted in 1614), as the Globe with Shakespeare, was erected in or about 1600. The Bear Garden, Globe, and Hope stood in a cluster at the west end. And each might have been taken for the other, or any of them for the Swan, at the east end, so far as architecture was concerned. They were tall, oval enclosures, thatched for a space to cover the boxes—but open over the pit. The subsequent history of each is preserved. In 1613 the Paris Garden itself was turned into a theatre. In 1655 Mr. Pride,

Sheriff of Surrey, ordered a company of soldiers to proceed to the Bankside and shoot all the bears kept there for baiting purposes. In 1656 the Hope Theatre, which was both a bear-garden and a play-house, was demolished, and dwelling-houses erected on its site. The others were taken down at intervals thereafter. The Globe Theatre was in every way historic in its associations. It was originally built of material which had been already used in the construction of the first play-house ever built in England "the Theatre" in Shore-ditch within "The Liberty of Halliwell"—thus first introducing into Shakespearian history the name of the nineteenth century scholar, who, next to Shakespeare himself, every Shakespearian holds in most affectionate remembrance. In 1601 the conspirators engaged in the Essex Rebellion met within its walls. It was set on fire in 1613 by a discharge of cannon used under the stage in the performance of Shakespeare's most ceremonial play, the *Henry VIII.*, probably in the great trial scene—and it was rebuilt in time to see the last of its immortal proprietor, and was rebuilt in so substantial and permanent a manner, with slate roof instead of thatch, that Ben Jonson exclaimed that it was "the glory of the Bank, and the fort of the whole parish." 1644 Sir Matthew Brand had pulled down the memorable Globe Theatre, and built houses in its place—and to-day the great brewing establishment of Barclay & Perkins occupies the spot, and there certain of the ale which Shakespeare's countrymen on both sides of the great ocean drink, is brewed upon the spot where his immortal dramas first saw the light that came down through the great open roof of the Globe Theatre. The Puritans, on obtaining power, suppressed all this noble establishment by an ordinance of September 6, 1642. But the interests involved were too heavy to yield at once, and it was not until the year 1647 that the English stage finally went into interregnum. Such of the actors as were not languishing in dungeons or had not fled the country in breach of ban, went into the King's army. Lowin, Taylor, and Pollard, the last survivors of the Elizabethan corps, were superannuated and soon lost sight of, and it was not until the Restoration that Sir William D'Avenant and Henry Killigrew, Esq., received each a royal patent for erecting a play-house. Sir William opened the Dukes Theatre in Dorset Gardens, the other the immortal Royal Theatre in Drury Lane. For the details of this most interesting period from the suppression to the rehabilitation of Theatres we must refer the reader to Mr. Barker's beautiful volumes,

wherein he traces with a graphic pen and in a compact style, which make his pages as absorbing as any novel, this crucial period of the English theatre—which from the establishment of Drury Lane to the present day, in general direction and on the whole, has been onward and upward—and where the triumphs of Shakespeare, Alleyn, Burbadge, and Lowin in Elizabeth's day have been repeated and enhanced by Booth, Irving, and the two Barretts. Mr. Barker's work, especially the first volume, can be read with immense appetite and pleasure, continuously, and the student desiring to realize the transit by which the Shakespearian stage passed over the Puritan interregnum and so was perpetuated to the present day can nowhere find a better account of it.—(44). We shall notice this interesting series, in pretty covers and pocket size, further as further volumes reach us. The present issue contains *The Birth of Merlin and Thomas Lord Cromwell*, with admirable Prefaces, and brief and helpful notes.—(45). If the number and variety of the editions now preparing for school use is an indication, the study of Shakespeare must be making great headway. The general plan of this new competitor is stated by the editor as an attempt to primarily aim at a concentration of the mind of the pupil on only the most useful line, or lines, of study, and these latter the editor believes to be "the dramatic conception of the whole, and the dramatic bearing, value, and truth of the parts. "Textual, historical, grammatical, and etymological notes," the editor thinks "should hold second place and be subordinated to the purpose of assisting the student to look at Shakespeare's plays as great works of dramatic art." It will be admitted that this is a novel declaration in a school Shakespeare—but we are not prepared to say that it is not as admirable as it is bold and unique. After all, the only test of usefulness in a school-book is experience. The books are delightfully and most attractively printed, the notes are by scenes—those of each being headed by the few lines of Glossary to be memorized in following the text of the scene itself.

